

Revolution Chronicles #1:A Warrior's Tail

by DeathGrip

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Â Â Â It was a dreary,dismal day in my family's scoop.I was a youngster then, I didn't know what the world expected from me.All I knew,was there were too many Andalites,and too little space,it seemed,for those few greedy ones.My family's bare five acres was a constant battle ground.Blood seeped through with rain and water,causing hazerdous health conditions. You had to be careful.Because what we know as life,could be gone by tomarrow.
Â Â Â My name is Sinia-Latrai-Notimash.And this is the Galasi Wars.
Â

Â Â Â I shook the rain drops off my head and took stock. It was a battlefield.I was the only survivor,probably.Who had we beenÂ fighting?What side was I on?I shook my head again. Simple,Sinia,I thought to myself.Simple.Keep your thoughts slow, organized,and broad. Â Â Â {My name is Sinia-Latrai-Notimash,}I stated. There,that's good.Like that. {I am a female Andalite in a battlefield.I am the only survivor of the battle,which was between the ranks of Golai-Jafinske-Lotira andÂ Jesona-Kalinia-Heteroph.I was fighting for Golai.The battle was for the continent Althesare.} I had calmed down.Barely.But enough. Â Â Â Â Why was I fighting in the Galasi wars?Why was I fighting for Golai? He'd killed my parents and taken me on as a slave.Technically,I still was his slave.Not.Technically,I was dead. Â Â Â {So,}I thought out loud,{So.I'm dead.That means I have to have a new name. A new history.A new life.} Â Â Â I stood tall,at attention.{My name is Dagadia-Jataili-Sintao,}that was good.It didn't even sound like my name.{And I am a Gariachi rebel.} Â

Â Â Â This is the story of the life of one,Sinia-Latrai-Notimash.And as she grew up learning the life of pain,poverty,and hate.As she traced the beginnings of the Galasi Wars,WoT,and traced her own past.This is the story of a warrior,a female,a fighter,and a

battleground. The story of the Galasi wars as it has been told to young Andalites for generations. This is life. This is the legacy.

^ ^ ^ I stretched my tail, shook my fur out, and blinked at the morning sun. It was a nice day, actually. No rain or anything like that. ^ ^ ^ {What was my name. . . before?} I asked the breeze. ^ ^ ^ "Sssssssnnnnnnnnnnnniiiiiiiiiiiiiaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa," the breeze answered. ^ ^ ^ {Come on Dagadia!} yelled Capinia, a fellow rebel. {If we're going to start that spy operation by dark we have to get going NOW!} ^ ^ ^ {Coming!} I yelled. I slid a weak tarvini shooter in my sachel. Tars, we call them, are basically little blowguns that operate by your tail. Whatever they hit will be under your power for as long as the poison lasts. I stuffed the three five pound bags of darts in the sachel as well. Super, for knocking out Andalites, heavy for controlling them, and medium for smaller mammals. ^ ^ ^ Capinia looked at my sachel. {I never thought of that,} he admitted. ^ ^ ^ {Always be prepared,} I answered, tossing the sachel on my shoulder. ^ ^ ^ {You'd know that, wouldn't you?} he asked. ^ ^ ^ {Yup,} I answered. {Now come on. We have a long way to go and little time to get there.} ^ ^ ^ He gave me a sly smile and we ran off. ^

^ ^ ^ I dashed across the open space as fast as I could, then, concealed behind a tree, I snuck to the nearest wall of the scoop, which had a fortress around it. Pretty common in those days. ^ ^ ^ I snuck along the wall, concealed by shadows, Capinia right behind me. ^ ^ ^ {Lessee,} I mumbled to myself. {There should be a passageway...right...about...here.} I shoved the wall and it opened up. ^ ^ ^ {Not bad,} Capinia commented. ^ ^ ^ {Thanks,} I answered, not really paying attention. ^ ^ ^ They opening split into two tunnels. I took the right. Capinia took the left. ^ ^ ^ Nervous? Yeah, I was nervous. But being brave isn't not being scared. That's a fool, not a hero. Being brave is about facing your fear. ^ ^ ^ I crept down, Tar ready, tail ready, every sense heightened, just as always when I'm on hyper-alert. Suddenly, I heard conversation. ^ ^ ^ {Those rebels could be anywhere, Galadidi. Can you speak old Sanilin?} ^ ^ ^ {Yes,} Galadidi responded. ^ ^ ^ {So can I,} I whispered to myself, looking like I was trying to become the wall. ^ ^ ^ {Haradid canisi nokalak goberfie yabba dikfin?} The first, and older, Andalite asked. ^ ^ ^ {Has anyone hacked into your computer system?} I translated for myself. ^ ^ ^ {Dak, Gerebin,} Galadidi responded. ^ ^ ^ {No, Gerebin} I said. ^ ^ ^ {Harek falak gemon flaar?} Gerebin asked. ^ ^ ^ {What's your computer code?} my face lit up. ^ ^ ^ {Jordai fak fak 9-9-0-0-2-4-7.} ^ ^ ^ I pulled out a computer chip. Small enough to sit in my palm. The 3-D screen illuminated. ^ ^ ^ {Galadidi,} I whispered. {Password: don't lose 9-9-0-0-2-4-7.} ^ ^ ^ {Information saved,} the computer said. But the volume was fixed so low I (I) could barely hear it. ^ ^ ^ I ran out of there. If Galadidi was here then now was the best time. Besides, Capinia would come out on his own. I hauled the ten mile run.

^ ^ ^ I got in, got out, got back. ^ ^ ^ I stuffed the chip in the main computer. ^ ^ ^ {Passageway...passageway...} I whispered, going through all the files. {Passageway!} ^ ^ ^ I clicked on the tiny file labelled "mazemap". Instantly, there was a large 3D map of the whole dungeon where Hasifara was being kept prisoner. That was the way of the rebels. Save your friends first, fight next. It wasn't a bad moto. ^ ^ ^ Mostly on the rebels, or Gs, it was individual work in groups of ten. Sometimes there'd be three or four. But it was mostly

spy work, which is better done by oneself. That was the weird part of the rebels. They got the information to keep the war going. It was part of the old prophacy: "And there shall be a group in these great slaughtering wars, who shall fight to keep the wars going, to make their species see their foolishness." It wasn't a bad thing, I liked the idea of getting rid of the greedy land owners. They had to destroy each other to be destroyed at all. {Computer,} I said, shoving my miniature computers download switch in the plug, {Save file to Download A.} {Download completed,} the computer responded. I flicked it off with a smile. I would leave in the morning.

I raced toward the dungeon's secret entrance, opened it, and hauled through. {Password is nine double zero six three six one seven four,} I said quickly to the computer. I raced through the maze straight toward Hasifara's cell. I smiled and complimented my self on being capable of memorizing things perfectly just by glancing at them. {Dagadia?} Hasifara asked, dubious. {How did you find me?} {Aw, nothin' an old haacker cain't do,} I said in solatra dialect. I laughed. So did Hasifara. {I can always count on your humor in a situation like this,} Hasifara whispered hurriedly, {But Galadidi is coming at this very minute to kill me.} {Oh gari,} I said, not so quiet anymore. {That means he knows I'm here.} {Yes, rebel,} a voice said. {Perfectly gari-y.} I could see the tail, but not the person, that struck at me. I presume it was Galadidi. I flashed my tail, knocking his into a crevice in the wall. Then about one-hundred of his troops showed up. Shredders aimed at me. {Oh, GARI!} I yelled. {Agreed,} Hasifara yelled. I took stock. Shredders: bulky, even state-of-the-art. [author's note: one must remember this is long before andalites of superior technology that the animorphs know. Sinia didn't have an inkling of an idea what a spaceship was, or even the morphing cube at this point.] They had a huge backfire problem, and it wasn't uncommon for one to explode in the shooter's face. They also missed. Frequently. These were level five. These guys would have to be VERY lucky if they hit me. Anywhere. I raised my tail. I saw a few of them snicker. There's a rumor that rebels are very low-tech fools. Complete lie. We happen to be extremely intelligent, with people and technology. Example: we started that rumor. This is why. I threw my tail down, sharp end of the blade down. It totally destroyed the weak ramonite of the box. Hasifara bolted in one direction after I stuck the computer in his hand. I raced toward the troops. They fired. One got about an inch from my tail, but that was as close as they got. I jumped over them and they chased me, but I got out, slammed the door shut, and gave the computer the wrong de-access code. That would seal the troops in. I told you I was smarter than they were. Hasifara had escaped through another exit. We met up in the woods and walked back to the base. It was nearly night-fall when we got there. And I was too tired to preform the gari rituals.

I got up the next morning to find a light breeze flowing through the underground tunnels we rebels call home. No one's bothered us yet, and that's the way we like it. I got up, rubbed my fur back into place, and shook myself. There, that was better. I stepped through the tunnels where clinging, flowering vines hung on the ceiling and walls, with varying types of grass underfoot. No plants clung to the artificial lights, however. You could almost mistake it for real daylight, until your stalk eyes focused up. A small stream flowed on the two sides of the passage, next to the walls. There was a small

bush, animal, or tree every once and a while. Very...appealing. It reminded me of home. It was home, now. And while I took all this in, the fans that lined the ceiling blew fresh morning air in. They were well concealed, under what everyone thought was the rebel base a couple hundred miles from here. There were always holograms of andalites walking around, we tried our best to make it look busy. It worked, mostly. When I saw Jaradara walking through the portal to my quarters, I was suprised, to say the least. Doesn't that andalite get any sleep? {Dagadia!} he greeted me. {Excellent work last night. Hasifara told me you faked those troops right out of their tailblades. And took advantage of what you knew that they didn't know you knew. My spies tell me they're still trying to get out.} I laughed. {Thanks, Jaradara. Thanks a lot.} I was releived that he didn't repremand me for not being at the rituals last night. But that isn't Jaradara. He believes we do better if he points out our accomplishments, not our faults. That's also the kind of guy he is. He also knew I left before daybreak. {So,} I asked, {Where are you head-} Suddenly, some light exploded in my face! I couldn't see anything! The tunnel was pitch black! {JARADARA!} I yelled. {I'm okay!} he answered. {You?} {I'm fine. What was that??} {A fuse blew. I'm taking care of it.} The lights switched back on a couple minutes later. I was relieved. I can see what I'm doing on the blackest night. But not being able to see without expecting the handicap is unnerving. I shook myself off. {So,} I tried again, {Where are you heading? And hope the lights don't blow this time.} He laughed. {I don't know, I'm just checking up on things. Doing all those things you put off and drinking lots of chao.} I was forced to laugh. Chao is a mix that you can put in water that calms you down. {So HOW many times has that happened today?} I asked. {Enough that I'm out of chao rations,} he answered. We laughed and walked on down the hall.

I walked through the entrance to the fake rebel base. I felt better after my talk with Jaradara. He kind of brightens up my day. But today, I had fresh air and the day off. Which isn't something I don't enjoy, but I try not to use them too much. Then I can use them when I needed them. Today I needed them. Cadariae, or a christmas-like Andalite holiday was a few weeks from now. I needed to wrap my presents, so that's what I decided to do. I went to for my secret spot, which was a little opening behind a waterfall. It was sloped in just the right way so that you could sit in there forever and never get wet. I kept all my presents and a good bit of paper to wrap them in there, because the forest you have to go through to get there is too thick for most andalites. I could get in because I was fairly short and small. No problem. It helped me in spy missions.

I stepped into the little crevice and took the few things I had from the little rock shelf. I started wrapping them. A couple hours later, I was finished. Cra-ACK! Crunch crunch crunch crunch. I bolted out of my hiding place and dashed off. No reason for it not to be soldiers. But still, I turned around, quick as a cat, and ran in behind the intruder, and got a better look. It was a Golai spy! {Oh, gari[author's note: if you haven't figured what gari means by now you're real thick],} I muttered. BAM! I struck him over his head with my tail.

{JARADARA!} I screamed, racing through the rebel base. {Hey, Jaradara! It's me, S-Dagadia!} That was close. I almost let him know

my real name. Real stupid Sinia,I cursed myself. {Yes, Dagadia?}Jaradara asked. {Golai spies are searching the overground base.I disposed of one,but-} {There could be thousands,}he finished for me.{Golai has the largest forces.}

 The whole rebel base was on battle alert till about a week later, when we were fairly sure we'd gotten rid of at least most of them. {All of you,}Jaradara announced,{I'm not ordering you to take some time off.That's your choice.If you decide you feel like doing some death-defying thing,I'll make sure you can be placed on a consistant night job.} I saw a few rebels shudder at that.

 {Halat dia simfe,alli norat corie ba,with all the things,caught in my mind,}I sang quietly.In my quarters,the dreary,goth music was all over.It fit my almost-always gloomy mood.My parents were dead. My little brother was dead.I was dead. I laughed at that.I'm not dead, I'm alive!He just thinks I'm dead!Hahahahahahahahaha!I forced myself to settle down.Was I going insane?Or was it just the stress of a pained life?Which one was I?Dead,or alive?I wasn't so sure.So I thought for a second. {My past is dead,}I said out loud,{And I'm alive.} It made sense.Sinia was dead and Dagadia was alive. No,my mind argued,Sinia isn't dead.She's the warrior.You become Sinia on missions.You're Sinia!You're Sinia!You just hide,waiting the correct time to reveal yourself. It's strange how one's mind has all the answers.

End
file.